Better Leighton Never

by Leighton Scott

Talk this week was of the Bloomsburg Fair, and more than one merchant said you could feel the pinch locally when it got to be fair time. If you were there, the chances are you saw a few friends, and maybe the school bands. A not completely uncommon experience is for Saturday, the stands were sacked neighbors to bump into each other of homemade apple pie. on the midway, and some times not even recognize one another. The latter is generally the case at the girly

Fine weather, a novelty at ing. "Bloom", served up record crowds all week, among which I numbered looking forward to his expanded quantity. two days in a row.

Now, I want to be honest with ya, I go to fairs to eat. The reason I went back on Saturday was that I had missed a few of those church stands the day before. See, I used on—the double ferris wheel. The to work for Reithoffer Shows, so the ride was leased for the fair because, rides, games, and shows simply as Pat noted, wincing, it costs about stimulate in me c reflex action to \$130,000. Whereas most rides will stimulate in me a reflex action toward self-preservation, the first step hours to set up or tear down, this of which is to eat.

Always the devotee of the great American bean, I enjoyed a bowl at the Follmer Church stand.

such secular offerings as peanuts, all parties should be willin'.

pizza, Cracker Jack, while my companions moved in on oysters and pierogies. What captured my fancy more

than anything else, though, was the big butter-sploshed baked potato offered by the Black Creek Methodist Church. There it stood-the only such potato in all of Bloomsburg, a welcome variation on the popcorn and hamburger theme.

I'm still put out that, by the time got around to dessert, which was

This fearsome appetite is explained better by the revealing fact that the last day of the Bloomsburg Fair is and gales. I the anniversary of my quitting smok-

show circuit through the south, which will last well into November. His midway was high-lighted this take anywhere from two to five Township. giant takes two days for each!

PREDICTION Now that the ICC approved the of white bean and ham soup at the Valley RR abandoning its Dallas quitted of the involuntary man-Beach Haven Methodist, and a bowl line, I'll bet the government will be slaughter charge in the death of of red bean and I-don't-know-what after the station property and some Ruth Parks, Dallas. of Millie Devens LaBar's adjoining I liberally interspersed my pat- land for the new postoffice, and ac- 88th birthday anniversary. ronage of the church stands with cording to all contacts I've made,

Editorially Speaking:

Giving your pint of blood to the Blood-Bank is something which nobody but you can do.

People have died from lack of blood after a ghastly accident.

In days when there was no Blood-Bank, people paid fantastic prices to donors, and certain types of blood were

very hard to come by. Not all blood is alike. There are several different groups, and if no blood of the specific type you need is available, you cannot be safely given a transfusion, no matter how desperate the need.

That is where the Blood-Bank comes in. The Blood-Bank keeps in cold storage blood of all

types, ready for emergency. If you belong to the Blood-Assurance program, you are guaranteed blood of the type you need.

It is like money in the savings bank. You hope that you will not have to draw on it, but it is ready and waiting. One pint of blood is a very small price to pay for peace of mind.

Many of our older residents are no longer permitted to give blood. This means that people from a younger age-group must take over, to replace the faithful donors who have given year after year.

There is nothing to be afraid of. It is a very simple process. You restore your own blood within a matter of a few days, and the Blood-Bank then has on hand a pint of blood which will save a life.

And saving a life is exactly what you will be doing if you donate to the Blood-Bank.

It could be your own life, or that of a member of your family.

Invitation To The Rotary Fair

There'll be a modern version of a good old country fair With a host of things to please you in a way beyond compare All the best Back Mountain offers will be there on proud display At the sunfilled, funfilled fairgrounds on that crisp October day.

There'll be old friends there to meet you There'll be brass bands there to greet you There'll be hustle, there'll be bustle There'll be fun You'll be glad you spent your dollars When you see the fun that 'follers' You'll be dancin' you'll be prancin' In the sun.

There'll be fashions for the ladies, a horse show for the men A baby show, a drill team, someoldtime cars and then A concert and a ball game, some fire works at night And many things designed to make a day of real delight.

> You'll have fun and you'll have pleasure You'll have joy in fullest measure You'll be happy in the snappy Autumn air Every road will lead you to it Ride or walk, but really do it By the dozen, let's get buzzin' To the fair.

-W. G. SEAMAN

FOR MODERN PRINTING, TRY THE POST

Yesterday

Ten, Twenty and Thirty Years Ago In The Dallas Post

Only

It Happened 30 Years Ago

Crops suffered from the effect of a freak season of cold, rain, drought lock Creek most of her life.

Shrineview residents joined Dallas Borough in a water complaint to Bloomsburg prior to her illness. Visited with Pat Reithoffer who is the PUC, charging faulty quality and

Dallas Township football team were the victors in a game between alumni and high school, score 13-6. James, Walters, longtime resident

Independent candidates stirred interest in the general election, Harold Wagner and Fred Goodrich filing from Dallas Borough and Dallas

Audrey Carle and Kathryn Phillips were appointed to the faculty of Kingston Township Schools. Hugh Thomas, Kingston, was ac-

Mrs. Henry Keifer celebrated her

It Happened 20 Years Ago

Ralph Eipper was named street commissioner of Dallas Borough. Joe MacVeigh, chairman of Draft Board # 1, feared dads would have plants elsewhere.

Hugh Morton, survivor of the Air- Carverton. craft Carrier Hornet, destroyed by fire, paid a visit to his parents, the James Mortons, Harvey's Lake. Lt. Col. Norman Smith was appointed to head the athletic programs for all air bases in the South

William Devons, 70, Sweet Valley, died of a stroke while running the mowing machine on the Henry Trumbower farm.

Carrot and tomato crops topped the record of ten years ago while other produce output dwindled. State Health Department urged Dallas Borough to hire a part time nurse to teach health.

Scientific fire fighting courses were conducted at Dallas and Harvev's Lake. Antonia Kozemchak was com-

missioned a Third Officer in the Mrs Ruth Ide Idetown was severely burned while testing new cans

at her home. Married: Jane Hutchison, Shaver-

town, to Flight Officer John C. Coleman. West Pittston. Died: Simon Schneider, 68, Sha-

Servicemen heard form: Harry Decker, Va.; Ernest Carey, Fleet Post Office N.Y.; Richard LeGrande, U.S. Navy; Will Rogers, South Pacific; Eddie Ide. Mo.: Frank Dennis, Sicily William Sayre, N.Y.; James Agnew, Va.; Carl Dykman, Ky.; Ike Mellner, Ga.; and Stephen Hayer, Ga.

It Happened 10 Years Ago

Charles Wheaton Lee, prominent Dallas businessman, who died in Nesbitt Hospital, was buried at Arlington Cemetery.

H. H. Butler was named general manager of Commonwealth Telephone Company. Back Mountain area obtained

largest number of new members for A 24 unit motel was being constructed at the jointure of routes

309 and 115 in Dallas. All areas were represented in the Back Mountain Community Concert held at Westmoreland High

School. Mrs. Carl Siglin, Mrs. Elmer Weaver and Dorcas Wright were painfully injured when their car rolled over near Eatonville while on

their way to work. Joseph Coniglio, Westmoreland

High School, received the Ford Award for his hand carved pistol entered in competition.

Mrs. Lena R. Moss, 78 Rests At Muhlenberg

Services for Mrs. Lena R. Moss, 78, Hunlock Creek, who died Friday afternoon at her home, were held Monday afternoon from Bronson Funeral Home, Sweet Valley.

Baptist Church, officiated, Interment Recently our son, Bill, out in Arm-

son, Mrs. Moss hed resided in Hun-

She and her husband, Martin, celebrated their 50th wedding annivers-

ary in 1958. Mrs. Moss was an active Mass. member of Muhlenburg Methodist day School Class.

to leave area to work in defense Dallas. Her parents were the late miles in villages, along with country from the curb. James L. and Jennie Moyer Hefft, stores, now making up museum It is not too annoying to have to

Church.

Delgado, Windsor, N.Y.; sisters: C. diversions now. Carverton area.

Secretaria de la companio del la companio del la companio de la companio del la companio de la companio del la companio de la companio del la companio del la companio del la companio del Rambling Around

By The Oldtimer - D. A. Waters

From the standpoint of space, our | head first into the deep snow has Rev. Herbert Punchard, Oakdale part of the world is getting smaller. that effect. was in Marvin Cemetery, Muhlen- strong County, participated in a con- a genuine play by professional actors servationists tour of that county in- on a commercial stage, unless they Born in Plymouth daughter of specting damage by strip mining and go to New York or some other big the late Charles Dodson, Civil War steps being taken to reforest and city, or happen to hit a summer veteran and Julia Davenport Dod- replant it. In charge of the tour was theatre somewhere. In our younger Grant Davis, who lives on Midland days we could see one almost any Drive, Dallas, working out of an evening by spending fifteen or twen-She was stricken ill only a week office in Kingston. Most surprising ty cents carfare on the street car, before her death and had visited in among the other federal employes each way. was William McQuilkin, who for- Today the automobile has greatly merly lived at the foot of Franklin increased speed, sometimes where

grading, some has been replanted 35 mile speed limit and the no-passwith trees. There are some open ing rule. But such observance is by rocky places like we see here. In- no means uniform. Almost every cidentally, almost every farm there trip we see drivers passing at ran-Colorado and Charles Moss, Kings- has its own well of natural gas. All dom at fifty miles per hour, maybe nection in front of each lot.

items.

She was educated in area schools, Many today never rode a horse, hitting any of these. We have learnher eldest son James R. King gradualthough there seem to be quite a ed to live with such things. It is, ating from Dallas High School in lot of riding horses around. But the however, rubbing it in a little too driving horses and various kinds of far when, one and all, they either In Johnson City, Mrs. King be- wagons and sleighs pulled by them give you an amused grin, or a fierce longed to the Primitive Methodist have practically disappeared in this look, or make some remark which immediate area. Many of the young- this column could not print. She is survived by her husband er generation never rode behind a Raymond A. King; sons, James R. horse. An evening ride in a farm | Dr. Henry M. Laing was known as Binghamton, and Kenneth M., Hall- hay wagon or sled, pulled by farm | the "Young" and not the "New" stead; daughters: Mrs. V. Howard horses, on a brisk moonlight night doctor as appeared in this column Gould, Binghamton; and Mrs. Louise had something on many common recently. The word was correctly

Haddonfield, N.J.; and Mrs. John sonally upset a load of hay enroute and not 1927, which was also cor-Dana, Carverton; a brother Lee, from the field to the barn is dwind-rectly written in good plain type. Trenton, N.J.; nineteen grandchild- ling, also those who upset a cutter It is getting so I never know what ferent reason. A sudden ducking double checked leaving me.

Few youngsters today ever see

Street, now living in Springfield, there is insufficient space. We have a good example right now as our Out there the strip mining is new road is built. Every few days right out in the rural areas. Some someone comes out in the paper of the soil will readily grow alfalfa praising the drivers for observing you see is a pipe projecting from more. Knowing there are barricades the ground with valves, and dis- ahead, you wonder sometimes tributing system attached. Real where the drivers expect to go. Howestate developers put a gas line con- ever they somehow get away with it. Once I saw a driver establish a

But when time is considered, wavy highspeed middle lane across dent of Dallas, who died unex- some common local things seem far North Street Bridge, which is a two pectedly last Sunday evening at away. Recently we were in a home lane bridge, speed restriction 15 which she was expecting to leave never had a ride on a railroad train, Opening of school has cut down

Monday morning after making ap- and she was no exception to the the immature of all ages making parent good recovery from a experience of many now. A whole figure eights with bicycles on the heart attack. She was buried generation has grown up without highways, and the gangs of teen-Wednesday afternoon in Ward- ever riding in a trolley car. Probably agers, usually girls, spread out aan Cemetery, commital services relatively few around here ever saw breast apparently heading for no-performed by Rev. Joseph C. Mc- a blacksmith shoe a horse and do where at a greatly reduced speed. Ginnis who had officiated from a other work on hot iron working Nothing seems to cut down on the Binghamton funeral home at 11 a.m. with hammers, tongs, and anvil. number of hitchhikers waving an Until 1931, Mrs. King lived in Blacksmiths were located every few arm and standing out a yard or more

come to a full stop to keep from Corrections

typed "Young" leaving me.

Edna Hefft and Mary Hefft, both of And the number of us who per- Also I entered the army in 1917 ren, three great grandchildren. Many into a snow bank, making the driver will come out in the paper, even Hefft connections survive in the red-faced, also the girl for a dif- though the column is corrected and

From-

Pillar To Post...

THE DALLAS POST Established 1889

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Member Pennsylvania Newspaper Publishers Association

Member National Editorial Association

Member Greater Weeklies Associates, Inc.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Dallas,

Next year I'll take my own advice, and admire the autumn foliage in the Back Mountain instead of Massachusetts.

But at the time, it looked like a good idea to take off. The weather was perfect, the hills were beginning to flame, and if Massachusetts could add a little something to the glory of the Pennsylvania hills, it was welcome to try.

No doubt about it, Massachusetts and New Hampshire put on a good show before the tag-end of the Northeaster lashed the coast on Sunday and dropped a dripping veil over the scenery. The rain made it easier to leave Chelmsford, which was getting a much-needed soaking, causing the roads to run like rivers, and the Turnpike to resemble a mountain torrent.

Nice day to drive. Nobody on the road, and the rain was calculated to cool down the tires.

How could anybody guess that it would take three days to make that trip, just a hair less than four hundred miles?

Massachusetts has blue laws, and though it is permissible to change a tire for a customer, any service station attendant risks the law when he opens the hood of a car.

There was a mechanic at Sturbridge (recommended surreptitiously by State Police), who had a look, did a few little things such as checking the aperture of the new spark plugs, rendered a bill for \$7.95, took the Austin out for a high speed test on the road, said everything was now Jake.

Back on the Massachusetts Turnpike, things were Jake for ten whole miles and then the engine started missing again. It threatened to quit cold on a hill, and a shot of gas by choke blew things skyhigh. The explosion was spectacular, and the car started making like Barney Oldfield.

The attendant at the toll station leading to Springfield said could be there'd be some station open that could cope with the situation, "But you know how it is, lady, it's Sunday, and while you can get gas, you can't get much in the way of service.

Half an hour later, back on the Turnpike after a fruitless search for help, the Austin crawled through the same port of entry, and the same toll booth attendant peered out through the rain.

"Couldn't find anything open?" he inquired. "Probably shouldn't be on the turnpike at all. What happens if I conk out along the roadside?"

"The Staties will find you. They patrol the road right along." I crawled up a few more hills, the engine spitting and coughing and backfiring, threatening to quit, but always gasping in a little more gas at the last possible moment.

Food and fuel, two miles on. The attendants gathered to look at what was limping in. Arrayed in yellow slickers and Souwester hats, dripping rain, they condoled, but "Lady, we haven't GOT

However, concrete suggestions were offered: Up the road about ten miles, nearer eleven, there's a State Police barracks. Better turn in there.

The eleven miles looked insurmountable. The Berkshires were rearing up on their hind legs.

The State Police were sympathetic, but had no suggestions, except I better get off the road and into Westfield. There was a garage in Westfield, and the owner was contacted on the phone. Only

"Lady, it's Sunday," etc, etc, etc. "What you better do is backtrack to Springfield. There's a foreign car place there, and it'll be open tomorrow.'

Backtracking to Springfield took a little doing, but the car was acting a little better now. The first filling station said it could do something in the morning, I'd better find a motel and spend the night.

Business of phoning the family to allay any possible fears. Business of spending the night, delivered by taxi. "And you'll for sure get at it first off in the morning?"

Business of going back to the filling station bright and early. The Austin was sitting up on the lift and the attendant was clucking over the hole in themuffler. "You sure musta give it the gun," he announced with admiration.

Four hours later the Austin was equipped with a new muffler, product of Henry Ford.

"Now lookit, I'm not settling for just a muffler. I want to know why this car backfires and hesitates, then goes on again for several miles without trouble.'

"Ma'am, I've checked everything out, and everything is fine. Just nurse it along and you'll get home all right." In Hartford the thing quit dead. A moment or so later, it started up again, but reluctantly.

The boys in the foreign car garage said the spark plugs and points were fine, the compression excellent. It ought to run all right. It ran all right when one of them gave it a try on the road. "Just don't worry about it, ma'am. You gotta have confidence in your car."

This time, it went five miles without hesitating. And for whole stretches of road, it acted almost human. Leaving Hartford at 5 p.m., it was conceivable that the car could keep on rolling until it hit Dallas at maybe three in the morning . . . with luck.

This time it was the driver who wore out, and not the car. Route 6 out of Hartford looked so homelike. Route 6 right into Tunkhannock, happy thought. Once on Route 6, nothing very bad

Route 6 rose straight up in the air right across the border. The sign said Bear Mountain Road. The Austin plugged up an endless hill at twenty miles an hour. It came down again and went up another hill. It crossed the Hudson, and it kept on going by some miracle. Eons later it reached the New York Thru-way, and there was a Motel, gathering frantic customers as they left Bear Mountain, the only lighted spot on the lonesome road.

The next morning (after another battery of phone calls to the family and the Dallas Post,) the happiest of happy accidents occurred.

The car conked out completely and finally, right in front of a Rambler service station.

And there was a mechanic who was willing to listen, and who spotted the trouble instantly. "Sounds like dirt in the fuel filter," he proclaimed, and ten

minutes later showed me the sludge. "How on earth it ever got any gas through that gunk, is a mystery," he continued. "And just to make assurance doubly sure, I'll go over the carburetor." Along about ten o'clock there was a coffee break, to which the

visiting customer was invited. And at 11, the carburetor, gleaming like new, was back in place, and the car ready for the road. And I do mean READY. It ran like

And what I want to know, is why one of the other mechanics didn't spot the trouble instantly, especially as I had said on each occasion, that it sounded like dirt to me. Such a ridiculously simple solution.

COM MANAGEM BUSINESS BUSINESS B. M. C.

The Distributor had too many WHITE

Now - - - we have too many

ALL WHITE CARS - GREATLY REDUCED

SPORTS CARS

KUNKLE MOTORS

Dan Meeker - Prop.

Church, its WSCS and Ladies Sun-In addition to her husband she is survived by son, Charles, Hunlock Creek and nephews, James Moss,

Mrs. Ethel King, 75, Buried At Wardan

Mrs. Ethel King, 75, former resi-Lourdes Hospital, Binghamton, where even the grandmother had mph. Somehow he got across.

Moyers Present Check To Scholarship Fund



With the contribution of One Williams, William Krimmel and T. Fund shall be a graduate of Dallas Woman's Scholarship Loan Fund, members of the Club. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Moyer, Shrine It is hoped that other citizens of Woman's Club graduating from an-Mr. Moyer's mother, who was one chosen vocation. It is with great in existence for the past thirty With active support of the area's

Woman's Club.

Nurses' Emergency Relief Fund of receive support. the Back Mountain, and Mr. and The Fund is governed by a Com-

Hundred Dollars to the Dallas Senior M. B. Hicks, deceased husbands of Senior High School or a child of any member of the Dallas Senior

Acres, Dallas, have become the first the community will show like inter-Charter members of the Fund's Cen- est in helping boys and girls of this tury Club. This donation was made area to receive the education needed in memory of Mrs. Clinton B. Moyer, to prepare themselves for their of the originators of a Scholarship pride that the Fund Committee has SELINGO SIGNS Fund by the North Wales Civic already approved several applica-Woman's Club which has now been tions for advanced training this Fall.

citizens in helping the Fund to Pictured left to right are Mrs. grow, more students may be so as-Granville Sowden, secretary treas- sisted in the interim years before urer, Mrs. Henry Moyer, Henry a more stable amount is available Moyer, Mrs. Fred Eck, chairman, through returns of funds now being Scholarship Fund; Mrs. Howard loaned. This pattern of assistance Wiley, president, Dallas Senior to college students is fast becoming popular by various organizations Associate membership of the and communities throughout the Fund Committee is extended to country and it is hoped the initiadonors of Ten Dollars or more, and tion of such a program for deserving contributions have been made by needy young people by the Woman's Mr. and Mrs. Howard Wiley, the Club in the Back Mountain area will

Mrs. Granville Sowden. Accumula- mittee of fifteen members. comtive donations by an individual prised of three executive officers of totaling One Hundred Dollars prior which Mrs. Fred Eck is Chairman. to January 1, 1965 constitutes Char- a Board of Trustees of nine memer membership in the Century Club. here, and the Assistant Principal and Memorials hove also been estab- Guidance Counselor of the Dallas ished by contributions of the Senior High School.

Noman's Club in the names of John | A recipient of any loan from the

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